

via pacis

The voice of the Des Moines Catholic Worker community

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REMEMBERING BILL BASINGER (1928 - 2014)



Bill Basinger leading a July 4th, 1986 Peace March to SAC Gate.
(LtoR) David McReynolds, Bill Basinger, Helen Tichy, Patience Gravy and Frank Cordaro

Reflections on Bill Basinger

By Rev. Bob Cook

I want to tell you about a man named Bill Basinger. He was a teacher of peace and justice simply by the way he lived. He set a faith standard that makes me want to stand up and cheer.

Bill was of Iowan heritage, born in Ottumwa, grew up in Goldfield. He had one brother. His parents were Mennonites and his father was a doctor, who held to providing good medical care for all who came to him regardless of ability to pay. Many never were able and some others paid with a chicken for the pot. It was those family values he learned growing up that embraced the biblical mandate of care for neighbor. It was that philosophy that prevailed for Bill and his wife Jean in raising their family of four boys and two girls.

From the time of Jr. High Jean had dreamed of being a missionary in a foreign land. Bill had served in the U.S. Navy, assigned to the Danish Hospital Ship Jetlandia as an X-Ray technician.

Bill was touched by the experience and so it was inevitable that Jean and Bill would become missionaries. They spent the first six years in Japan where Bill worked with rehab of the physically and mentally handicapped.

Six years later they moved to Korea. His work was with non-profit groups, working to provide services to the mentally and physically challenged. Korea was a dictatorship, supported by the U.S. government at the time and would remain so for many years after Bill and family returned to the U.S.

In the oppressive reality of that government Bill provided communication with the outside world. In addition Bill and Jean were a part of an underground group of Catholic and Protestant missionaries called "The Monday Night Group" who worked

to support the Koreans in their struggle for human rights and democracy.

When the Korean government threatened to hang eight innocent Koreans, Bill and seven others protested at the American Embassy and reminded them the U.S. Government had promised it would not allow the hanging. They were arrested and interrogated and taken home twelve hours later.

The consequences of that protest were loss of temporary residency which meant a trip to the Embassy every six months to apply for an extended visa. More disconcerting perhaps was the mystery of being watched and the taping of the telephone.

When Bill and family left Korea they were blacklisted to never again return. But they did come back in 2003, invited by the Korean government to be honored for the work they had done.

When they came home from Korea in 1980, they continued their peace and justice work.

I don't remember the first time I met Bill and Jean but it certainly was in context of the Des Moines Catholic Worker Friday night Mass. Whenever it was, for as long as I can remember, they have been role models for what it means to live faith, and to so with a spirit of absolute love and unconditional forgiveness, living by egalitarian principles that everyone is equal. Their example of living faith with a focus on peace and justice was experienced by thousands who know and love them.

Bill had devoted a great part of his life to vocational rehabilitation of the physically and mentally handicapped. That was his area of work prior to his time as missionary. Logically he would return to that work with Iowa Vocational Rehabilitation when he was deported from Korea to return home to the U.S. But he was never rehired to use his personable and loving talent to work with some of the most vulnerable of the world.

Not that he was blackballed as such from getting a job but they never seemed to find the right one after his work in a foreign land. And so he looked for other ways to express his life and in that became one of Des Moines torch carrier for peace and justice.

He was the first to carry the banner of Veterans for Peace in public parades. Wherever he went, in this land or foreign lands, where his country had caused upheaval and oppression, Bill always was apologetic for the violence his government had committed against the people.

And he never missed the opportunity of a challenge. Befriending Bill Kelly who needed a second chance in life was one of those challenges.

Bill Kelly committed a terrible crime when he was 26 years old. In a fit of passion he killed his wife (who had told him "I am going to leave you, you SOB") and his baby boy she was holding in her arms. His name was Billy. Billy died along with his mother from blows Bill rained down on them in a fit of passion. Bill was sentenced to Iowa State Penitentiary for life.

Bill spent 49 years and two months behind bars. He was a model prisoner and it was deemed Bill was not a danger to society so his sentence was commuted to 99 years and he was paroled to Hansen House of Hospitality, a home for men coming out of prison in Des Moines.

When Bill Kelly met Bill Basinger he noted the name they had in common; it was the name of his deceased son, Billy. And Bill Basinger was born the same year, making him the same age Billy would have been had he lived.

Bill Kelly was friendless when released from prison. He had no visitors for decades and he developed a loner personality that was hard to crack. It would be an understatement to say he was hard to get along with.

Bill Basinger took the challenge of providing to Bill Kelly the same unconditional love he would anyone else. In a short time friendship between them developed and Bill Kelly had a surrogate son to replace the one he sorrowed about daily . . . the one he had killed in a fit of passion.

see BASINGER on pg 3

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Unless noted (or we goofed), all photos and art are produced by the Des Moines Catholic Worker community.

THE DES MOINES CATHOLIC WORKER COMMUNITY

The Des Moines Catholic Worker Community, founded in 1976, is a response to the Gospel call to compassionate action as summarized by the Catholic Worker tradition.

We are committed to a simple, nonviolent lifestyle as we live and work among the poor. We directly serve others by opening the Dingman House as a drop-in center for those in need of food, clothing, toiletries, use of a phone, toilet, shower, or just a cup of coffee and conversation. We also engage in activities that advocate social justice.

BECOMING A DES MOINES CATHOLIC WORKER

We are open to new community members. For information about joining our mission, contact any community member or visit our website: www.dmcatholicworker.org.

MAILING ADDRESS

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(Drop-in Center and Business Phone)
1310 7th St.
Des Moines, IA 50314
515-243-0765
Live-in community members:
Bryan Morrissey, David Goodner, Tommy Schmitz, Patrick Stall

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(Autonomous and sister with the DMCW)
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515-282-4781
frank.cordaro@gmail.com
Live-in community members:
Frank Cordaro
Live-in resident: Bob Cook

RACHEL CORRIE HOUSE

1301 8th St.
Des Moines, IA 50314
515-330-2172
Live-in community members:
Julie Brown, Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs

CHELSEA MANNING HOUSE

1317 8th St.
Des Moines, IA 50314
515-777-2180
Live-in community members: Norman Searah, Ed Bloomer, Gil Landolt, Bill Petsche

WEEKLY LECTIONARY BIBLE STUDY

Mondays, 7:00 pm. Berrigan House.
Call to confirm.

MONTHLY VETERANS
FOR PEACE MEETING

Berrigan House. For more information, contact Gil Landolt at peacevet@hotmail.com or call 515-333-2180.

WEEKLY AA MEETING

Fridays, 5:00 pm, Berrigan house

THE CHIAPAS PROJECT

Chiapas, Mexico
Richard Flamer
flamerrichard@hotmail.com

As for ourselves, we must be meek, bear injustice, malice, and rash judgment. We must turn the other cheek, give up our cloak, go a second mile.
-Dorothy Day



Reflections From a New Catholic Worker

By Patrick Stall

Hi, I'm Patrick Stall, a 20-something hippie type who originated from St. Paul, grew up in Huxley, and came of age in New York. I've variously worked as an orderly, teacher's assistant, busker, and taxi driver, and am now looking for more meaningful and rewarding labor, something not hard to find at the Worker.

There is rarely a dull moment here, and never a lack of work to be done: serving our guests, processing donations, and cobbling together meals from whatever happened to come in this week (in classic Catholic Worker fashion) are all part of a routine day. Besides the daily work, I also manage the Worker-run food bank at Trinity Methodist Church, where we distribute fresh produce from Capital City Fruit, Whole Foods, and St. Theresa's Catholic Church.

In addition to my domestic duties, I'm also taking a full load of classes at DMACC this summer, with plans to transfer to a yet-unknown four-year institution and pursue a degree in Sociology in the interest of finding employment as an organizer in the labor movement. I've been a political activist since I was a teenager, participating in anti-eviction, IMF, and the New York Occupy protests, and want to continue to be active in a full time capacity.

You can't walk into the Dingman House without noticing the myriad newspaper clippings and old campaign posters tacked to the walls, something that made me feel right at home even before I met the workers, who are among the most dedicated, passionate, and hardworking people I have encountered. I have felt like family from the first few weeks after I arrived, a testament to the tight bonds this community forms.

Above all else, though, what impresses me about this community the most is the way in which it defies the ideology of the society it inhabits. The Worker strives for the betterment of its members on the inside and the welfare of those on the outside. This community stands in opposition to an economic system driven solely by profits and a nation held together by fear and militarism by striving daily to justice to its neighbors and exist nonviolently, and I am proud to be a part of it.



Patrick with Sister Clara, Reverend Mother General of the Missionary Order of Perpetual Indulgence

You're Not Alone

By Jimmie L. Lewis



*You are not alone as long as
you're living in God's zone
listen to what I'm saying, don't
hear me wrong
you're not dead and gone
and you're not hearing sad songs
live God's way, and you will live long
if you're a child, don't try to act grown
because the only thing you will
learn are things that are wrong
be brave, have faith stand up
and be strong
because God is watching you
and you are not alone
Now here's another
thing that you have to learn
in life
it takes a real man to have
a good woman
and make that woman become
his wife
take her in your arms live
God's way that way you know you're
living right
Do you understand how good you
do through the day and how
good you sleep through the night
(You're not alone) because God
showed you the light, so listen
to me raise your hand
you are not alone, so just say Amen*

REMEMBERING BILL BASINGER

continued from pg 1

They would go out to eat together. He trusted few but Bill Basinger was one he did trust so he made him his legal guardian. That gave Bill, among other things, the right for making medical decisions for Bill Kelly's welfare.

It became a relationship that had meaning for both of the Bills. For Bill Kelly that personal tie with another that makes us know someone cares. For Bill Basinger to love absolutely one others could never love and live the challenge of the biblical mandate to love your neighbor as yourself.

On Friday, May 30th near midnight, Jean came home from a trip to Indianapolis to find Bill's lifeless body on the basement floor. Evidence suggested Bill had cut flowers from the garden where he loved to spend time. In the process of retrieving a vase from the basement to put the flowers on the dining room table, flowers to welcome Jean home from her journey, he knocked a vase on the floor and it broke. When he returned to the basement to sweep up the glass he had a heart attack and died.

Bill's final act in mortal life was to show his love and care for Jean. Family was important to Bill and his partner in love Jean was central to it all. The flowers he cut became his final statement act of caring for family and showing his love for Jean.

Basinger
*by Jerry Mehalovich**

**A page or a book
would not be enough
To declare of Bill
his present love
resounding after death
in endless connections
Tying so many to this
man of peace and action
His easy smile
Still around with those he knew
I fondly recalled
his open and friendly hugs
he always remembered my name
even after years away
Interested in anything
I might have to say
He will be missed
for many reasons
He will be remembered**

** Jerry joined the DMCW in December 1980 and again in October 2005.*

Bill Basinger

By Michael Sprong*

In preparing to write this short reflection on the love and other gifts received from Bill during his very full life on this temporal plane, one thing is clear: words fail. It also seems that, as usual with Jean and Bill, the subject of my memories is as much (or more) about me than about them. What I mean (there I go) is that the Basingers, as they are known to the Beloved Community, were consistently outwardly focused and eminently present to whomever they engaged. Such a lesson, among others, helped this broken soul heal and mature to truly walk in community.

I met Jean and Bill in the Summer of 1981. Homeless and without any prospects, I was an eighteen-year-old guest at the DMCW. The Basingers presented a Friday night Clarification of Thought at what is now Berrigan House on their time in South Korea. Following the program, they approached me, introduced themselves and asked, in a most open fashion, about me. In seconds I was a puddle of emotion, crying and laying all my shit at their feet. Their response was to make sure I got a home phone number for them and an invitation to supper. Thus, began a

relationship that in no small part has defined my entire adult life. When I was quite young they would slip me a \$20 bill now and then for a meal out or a beer (or two). Each year I was in Des Moines, their New Year's Eve party was a not miss. Every time we would greet up until the last I saw Bill (St. Patrick's Day this year) he would kiss me full on the lips. During the entirety of our married life, Beth (Preheim) and I have drawn inspiration from Jean and Bill and they have always been a source of support.

So I will miss seeing Bill at almost every peace and justice effort in the Midwest. I will miss his reports of traveling to Georgia or Nevada or Washington, D.C. or to any number of CW communities to share his love, wisdom, work, and faith. It is good to know that he is there for us all in the Cloud of Witnesses. Thank you, Jean, for sharing Bill with the world and for showing many of us what it means to be a loving partner. We also pray for the Basinger adult children and the grandchildren. May the memory of what a true person Bill is stay with you forever.

** Mike joined the Des Moines Catholic Worker in July 1981 and fall 1989. Mike and Beth Preheim are co-founders and members of the Emmaus CW community in Yankton, SD. Mike is a trustee on the DMCW Trust.*

The Roots of Anarchy - Part IV - Love, Identity and Doubt

By Tommy Schmitz

[Please note: This is not physics, science, or even social science. It is simply playing at life in circumstances that are real. Yes, it's important for you, the reader, to follow the instructions and play along.]

Let's have a little fun. We're going deep sea diving, metaphorically speaking, but in this case, you won't need goggles and a tank of air. As you read this article, right now, what you need on the table in front of you is four apples. Or four oranges. Tennis balls'll work. Lemons, limes, clementines. Just four. Stop reading. Get'em now. I know you'll brb and all that.

Back? Ready? Good. Here's a simple, basic question: How does something apparently come from nothing?

I know what you're thinking, ha ha. But we're still talking about the roots of anarchy, so hang in here with me for a moment.

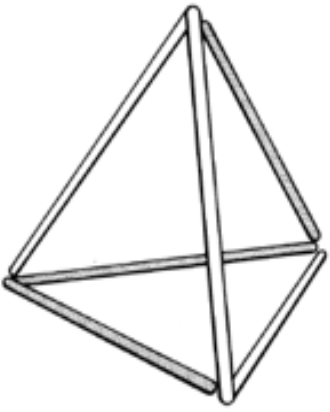
We saw in Part III of this series that for all intents and purposes, nothing—or space, if you will—is just about all there is. But there is quite obviously something, because here we are.

A return question we might ask is, “what do you mean by something?”

And the simple answer is a minimum something, a minimum structure, a structure having an inside, an outside, and an around or surface area.

For thousands of years we've known that the tetrahedron, a classic geometric shape, represents minimum structure, thereby, minimum something.

And here it is for reasons of examination—in it's non-dynamic attributes, because as we know, everything in universe is in motion, and there are no solids of anything.



tions of infinite and unpredictable variety all the way down the line.

Now, make one on the table in front of you, right now, using your four apples or four whatever.

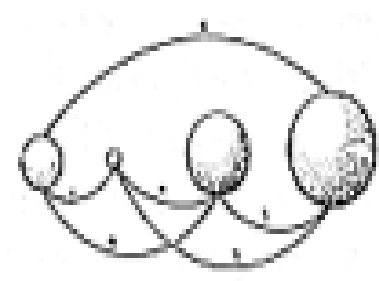
Pretty simply, huh?

Chances are, you formed a triangle of three apples on the table-top and placed the fourth apple on top. Budha-bing! Tetrahedron. Minimum structure.

You did it. Congratulations.

Remember our first question? How does something apparently arise from nothing? You think it works this way?

Fuller, himself, employed this visual generality to show how a tetrahedron arises.



This bothered me back in 1976 in Washington DC when I first began studying Fuller's Synergetics as a hobby.

It bothered me because as a regular, young meditator I experienced powerful and wonderfully anomalous aspects of my own awareness, from time to time, during long phases of deep sleep. During these experiences of deep sleep, there were no thoughts, bodily sensations, dreams, shapes, or aspects of any type whatsoever, except for one thing. Something deeply inside, and somehow, deeply familiar, suddenly became, in the very midst of deep sleep, completely awake, complete aware in what felt cosmically without dimension; eternal nothingness, if you will—and besides having the deepest level of familiarity that I had ever experienced, it also felt like the most “real” experience I had ever had. And yet, there was nothing to experience in any dreaming or waking sense, whatsoever. Just an unlimited vastness of awareness and feeling, and the feeling was an intimate, active love, way beyond my imagination. This intimate loving-ness was accompanied by some vast knowing (even though there was nothing to know) and wakefulness, and peacefulness, and bliss, and safety . . . and (go figure) the deepest experience of the most complete normality and reality I have ever had.

So here I was, on some occasions of deep sleep, experiencing something ultra-impossible, but appearing ultra-real. A massive

yet wonderful paradox of experience of nothing, at all, in any normal sense. An unthinkable paradox—beyond any of my childhood musings of heaven—then upon waking, this experience would continue to hold on with all its loving-blissful feelings, while ever so slowly, slip away over the first hour or two of being awake.

Somehow I knew my life had changed, for as long as life there was. But I had no one to talk to about this. And I was not a religious person.

I turned to books on neurology and structures in the brain. It seemed the reticular formation, the reticular activating system was somehow involved. Beyond this, I was clueless. And yet, upon reflection, these seemed to be experiences of “pure self-awareness” during deep sleep. The unstructured “self,” as subject, experiencing its unstructured “self,” as object. And it was good, but the experiences went on occasionally and unpredictably for about a year, at the age of 19, and then stopped. And when they stopped, I felt a tremendous guilt. What did I do to make these experiences go away? To cover the guilt, I began thinking about these experiences in conceptual, philosophical and cosmological terms.

And Fuller's “Synergetics” became an immediate vehicle for creating my own conceptual sense of these experiences, and how these “too real” experiences of nothing might involve the essence in forming this minimum something—this tetrahedron—arising out of nothing.

I thought about it and thought about it . . . for thirteen years—to make a long story short—and suddenly one day, key elements, that Fuller discussed repetitively throughout his text, fell into place. And, to my own satisfaction, I had solved both Fuller's problem, and my own, and for three days I was laughing and jumping up and down.

And the coolest thing was, a ten-year-old could understand it, and wordlessly. This is a simple, silent playful modeling that involves no language, no mathematics, no integrals, derivatives, differential equations or equal signs.

You still have your own apple-tetrahedron in front of you, correct? Good.

Now take it apart and hold two apples in one hand, and two apples in the other hand. Look at the two apples in one of your hands. Again, what you're seeing is some playful model of pure self-awareness, which is necessarily aware of itself, and therefore, in relative terms, pure-awareness has the quality of minimum-twoness. In my opinion, without grasping the full import of his own words, Fuller would often say that “Unity is plural and at minimum, two.” The great mathematician Euler, discovered this ubiquitous-twoness in a strange and provable equation that accounts for the qualities of any

structure in terms of its number of vertices, vectors and faces plus two.

The ubiquitous, additive twoness, and only twoness, works for structures minimum to structures maximum. Geometrical shapes with four sides; geometrical shapes with a trillion sides. Run the equation and there is, always and only, two added to the pile.

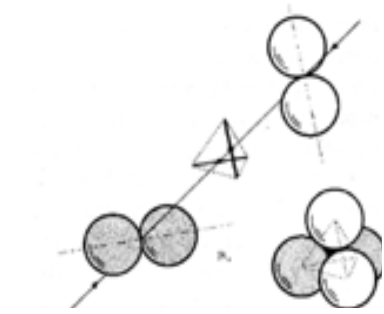
But two what? What is this two?

Fuller says the additive twoness accounts for the object's spin. Everything's in motion, remember? And everything somehow spins. And everything has, inherently, many axes of spin, of which only two at a time are operating. Changes of polarity, as we know, do occur.

What would happen if pure awareness, as self-referring, subject-object, spun, in all its twoness, upon itself?

Now while continuing to hold two apples in each hand, spin them together at 90 degrees, and set them on the table.

What do you see?



You see a tetrahedron. Minimum structure arising out of . . . nothing but the 90 degree precessional spin of pure self-awareness. Unity is plural and at minimum two. And regardless of the size of the structure or its complexity of shape, the two-ness, the polarity, the spin, the pure self-awareness never goes away.

But let's stick with this new tetrahedron for a few moments. It supplies oodles of awes from here on out. For example, Why?! Cosmologically speaking, if “Self” underlies the material cosmos, why does it do this ? I haven't a clue. But there is only one “Self,” you might say, so how can there be two? Correct, in this model, one Self underlies the cosmos, but in its pure-awareness, we model it in two-ness to recognize the unthinkable power of its self-observation represented by Self as subject, and Self as object.

What do you call it? I call it IPSR [The Intra-Precessing of Self-Referringness—and derived it in 1989], which according to this model would be the dynamic, slightly unbalanced, first movement of the cosmos coming into existence:

Bummer! Dr. Shiva cancels as OWFP Keynote Oct. 15.

Just got the news:. Dr. Vandana Shiva canceled her planned visit: *"In spite of my wanting to join you, and having tried my best to make it happen, I will not be able to make it to the US in time for your event due to circumstances beyond my control."*

Our Occupy the World Food Prize working committee is going to plan "B" (to be announced).

This we do know. The World Food Prize is Corporate Ag's premier branding platform for their claim of "feeding the world." They call themselves the "Nobel Prize" for food. This World Food Prize is not in Des Moines to convince lowans of the benefits of Corporate Agriculture. That's already a done deal. This prize is for a global audience, especially for poorer, Third World and developing countries. Each year in June, the winner of the Prize is announced at the State Department in Washington, DC. The actual award is given at a ceremony in the State Capitol Building in Des Moines.

Occupy the World Food Prize will hold a Rally and Direct Action, Thursday, Oct. 16, 2014 at 6 p.m. at the IA State Capitol Building, on the west side entrance before the World Food Prize awards ceremony. Program the night before to be announced.

Come join us in Des Moines Oct. 15 & 16 and help Occupy the World Food Prize rain on Corporate Ag's World Food Prize Parade!" and expose them as not the solution to world hunger, but the source of the problem. Come to Des Moines, right into the ideological heart of the Global Corporate Agricultural system and speak truth to the "Powers That Be."



(LtoR) Sharon Donovan, Dr. Vandana Shiva, and Frank Cordaro in Kansas City, MO on April 17 before a Dr. Shiva talk.

The DMCW will provide housing for all out of towners. If you are considering joining the direct action planned after the rally at the State House, you will need to attend the nonviolence training and action planning meeting at the DMCW.

For more info and updates check out the OWFP web page: occupytheworldfoodprize.com

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-DMCW Community Update-

by Frank Cordaro

I tell people living in the DM Catholic Worker community is like living in a large Italian American family who own and operate a family restaurant, all the while living above the restaurant. There is no escape from the work and community. It may not have to be an Italian family but for sure it is family. We are family by design, because our personalist Catholic Worker way of life operates in familial ways. Here's our DMCW family check-in report:

Living at Dingman House:

David Goodner is still hard at it dividing his time between near weekly visits to Wisconsin to see his son Henry Wallace, holding down a full time organizing job at Citizens for Community Improvement and being a DMCW with the rest of his time. In addition to all of the above, David also belongs to a capoeira dance class. Last month his class hosted a national conference in Des Moines and David hosted eight fellow dancers over the weekend at Dingman House.

Tommy Schmitz has taken on two new jobs at Dingman House. Besides being responsible for Dingman House phone messages, Tommy is also doing the floors and being the point man for all the mail that comes to Dingman House, jobs Ed Bloomer held down before Ed got sick. Plus Tom has a part time job at Forrest Corson's in hopes to make enough money to attend his son's wedding this fall. One more thing, Tommy announced last week that he has embraced Islam. We support him in it all . . .

Bryan Morrissey continues to be the best strong back in the community. Along with holding down two paying jobs, Bryan is also our point man for doing our community's weekly food runs to Trader Joes (twice a week) and Comito's Capital City Fruit. Plus, he has taken on the task of cooking for shifts once in a while. Last month he even made red sauce, homemade meatballs and spaghetti! (Not as good as my mom's but not bad for a non-Italian.)

Patrick Stall is the newest member of our community. He passed his one-month "live-in" trial with flying colors. He is now on a six month track to becoming a member of our community. The second youngest, he is rivaling Bryan for best back in the community. Patrick is now our point person for the Saturday morning produce giveaway, now that Al has moved out of the community. When Patrick is not doing DMCW stuff he is attending classes at Des Moines Area Community College on the Urban Campus a block south of our community. Don't miss Patrick's intro article on page 2.

Charles Isenhardt, our annual winter boarder State Representative from Dubuque returned home after the close of the 2014 Iowa Legislature. It's always good to see

Charles back as a yearly guest. He pays us back by "covering our backsides" so to speak. Charles buys all the needed toilet paper for the community. No small thing!

Chelsea Manning House:

Ed Bloomer, as many already know, suffered a near-stroke episode three months ago. The difference between a stroke and a near stroke in Ed's case is that Ed had no paralyzing effects from the experience. Still, it took over two months of recovery, physical therapy and a lot of hard work on Eddy's part to get Ed back to a "new" normal. He is moving a little slower, can't work as hard or as long as he used to and the old memory is slipping at times. What's new about this is at 67 yrs old, Eddy is starting to act his age! He is still the best Catholic Worker we got. Along with Julie, Ed was one of the St. Pat's 7, went to trial, spoke well from the witness stand, was found guilty and did a 48-hour jail sentence.

Norman Searah, the beloved is our Des Moines Catholic Worker emeritus. Now that winter is over and we got the outside railing up at Rachel Corrie, Norman is no longer housebound. He is stepping up and taking shifts when needed. He is has already gone and come back on one of his regular peace missions. This time Norman returned back to NYC on a bus and delivered a wood carving that he had made, bearing a peace message to the Secretary General of the United Nations.

Bill Petsche is fitting into our community life and work very well! Bill has stepped up and is doing the community laundry, cooking regularly for shifts and most of all being Eddy and Norman's go-to guy when they need help, for which we are grateful. Bill still looking for a reliable vehicle to do "Food Salvage" work. A new old vehicle would greatly enhance Bill's food salvage efforts.

Al Burney has moved out. Al met a friend at a pub in West Des Moines about three years ago. Both are avid Iowa Hawkeye fans, both have watched a lot of Iowa sports events on TV at the same bar together, etc. Turns out this friend is a banker no less, and he made Al an offer he could not refuse. Al moved out to a farm in SE Iowa where he helps manage his friend's land and animals in exchange for country life, with lots of fishing opportunities, something Al has always wanted to do. Al promises to get back for the monthly VFP meetings. We will miss Al at our "Free Food Store" on Saturdays.

Gil Landolt is living in the afterglow of the Iowa Veterans For Peace chapters winning the Bishop Dingman Peace Award this year. This happened in no small measure for the leadership Gil has given to our Des Moines VFP chapter. Gil's time here at the DMCW has been a winning combination for the DMCW and the Des Moines VFP. The Vets get a leader and we get a full-time volunteer and maintenance guy.

Rachel Corrie House:

Julie Brown: hit the road running after her return from Palestine. She stepped up during the Midwest Catholic Worker Faith and Resistance Retreat, helping with the rally, program and witness. Like Eddy, she was one of the St. Pat's 7, spoke well from the witness stand, was found guilty and did an overnight in jail.

Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs, Julie Brown's Palestine sidekick and housemate, continues to push himself to do the work that needs to be done while honoring his reflective literary poetic side. He is still our go-to computer wizard, and does a great job with our web page. He is the publishing editor for the via pacis, collecting text and photos, editing the text and sending text and photos to our layout person. Aaron then serves as our contact with the layout effort, editing the final copy. (This issue of v.p. is the debut layout job of Pat Rothamel. She responded to our desperate plea for help. Hoping this will be a long relationship!)

Berrigan House:

Rev. Bob Cook is back on the Great March for Climate Action from LA to Washington, DC. He took a couple week break to return to Des Moines. You just would not recognize Bob if you saw him, he has lost so much weight. Since Bob will be back on the walk and not able to be with us for the Bill Basinger memorial, Bob wrote one of the reflections on Bill for this issue of *via pacis*.

Frank Cordaro, still fully engaged with lots of passion and fire in my belly. It is a gift and a problem for me at the same time. Gift, because doing the works of mercy, working for peace and justice and living in community is a gifted life. (Don't know why more people don't do it.) It can also be a problem for a guy like me, the co-founder of the place, who has an A1 type personality and is not afraid to use it. I can fall into a "Captain Kirk" mindset. Like the fictional Captain Kirk of USS Enterprise, I too can feel like I am indispensable to the survival of the DMCW. And worse, have no identity beyond the DMCW.

Anyway the antidote for me in all this is my partner and girlfriend Jessica Reznicek. Plans are afoot for both of us to hit the road together for six months, starting in Jan 2015. Between then and now, I have a full calendar of work ahead of me. Still, I must admit the whole idea of getting away from the DMCW is a bit scary to me. Some days, I am feeling more like the cowardly lion in the Wizard of Oz than the self-assured founder of a flagship Catholic Worker community. You need not add this to an urgent prayer list, it's such a little thing. Still, if you think of it, pray this old dog can learn a new lesson or two.

Roots of Anarchy continued from pg 3

The Self is continually intra-precessing upon itself, while each structure that is apparently formed is also intra-precessing with itself, and so on. The initial unbalanced condition seems to be the Self's way of guaranteeing maximal variety of formations coming into being.

The intra-precessing is ubiquitous, and directional, inward. Perhaps what may look like a Big Bang, may actually be a big implosion of the Self in intra-precession, as Fuller suggests. What may look like an expanding universe, may be a sub-dividing universe, by way of intra-precession. Fuller defines precession as the force of one body in motion upon another body in motion, and everything in the cosmos is in precession with everything else.

For human beings, with our evolving "Self-similar" self, and self-similar self-awareness, there appears to be an unavoidable problem. We cannot automatically recognize the conditions of our existence inside a system in precession.

Simple example, we say "sunrise" and "sunset," when there is no such thing. The earth is in precession with the sun, so, to humans, the phenomenon looks like sunrise and sunset, but in reality, it's rather opposite.

For humans to understand the actual process, we have to mentally and intentionally step out of the precessional system and observe the system from the outside.

We exist in countless systems of sub-systems in precession. This begs the question, how well do the best of our minds understand reality.

Let's return to the beginning again, and observe two more important aspects of IPSR (The Intra-Precessing of Self-Referencingness). One: forms, shapes, behaviors that arise out of precession are unpredictable, inadvertent and quite often, pleasantly surprising. For example, did IPSR initially intend to form a triangle, not to mention the inadvertent creation of four triangles, four vertexes and six vectors? Did Self even know, or need to know about a triangle in advance? Or minimum structure, as tetrahedron? No. In this sense, the cosmos, from the start, arises and evolves inadvertently, out of pure creativity. Yet it carries Itself along the way, directional, within. The direction of the process gives rise to newly created forms that assume their own identities which continue to be the process of IPSR. Therefore, as a thought experiment, if you were to somehow ask this initial tetrahedron what it is and where it came from, by nature, it would not know. It has assumed a new self-identity, yes, as tetrahedron, but the directional process of IPSR prevents even the first of formations "to know" how it is it came about. In this sense, we can say that identity and doubt, as an inseparable duality, is a by product of even the very first "structure" of the cosmos coming into being.

What does this have to do with anarchy? Darn near everything, and we'll soon examine why in Part V of this series on the Roots of Anarchy.

[Drawings from *Synergetics*, R Buckminster Fuller, 1975... and *Synergetics* online.]

URGENT SUMMER NEEDS at the Des Moines Catholic Worker

socks

underwear

candles

razors

bug spray

bottled water

box fans

canned food

plastic bags

toilet paper

toiletries

laundry detergent



Norman’s Whereabouts

by Norman Searah

In memory of a great man, friend of the Catholic Worker, his church, friends and family. We'll all miss this happy friendly human, Bill Basinger, I know, when I go to the mall and not seeing him walk fast around. I hate war and I feel sorry for our Mother Earth who gives a lot somewhat if you look at it. Like when we were children and our mother and father cared for us, when they get old we need to care for them and see them.

I can recall when I was young and it was easy to get a ride in the 60's and 70's. I could go from the east coast to the west coast and in between. To me if the United States was beautiful then the rest of the world was too. I was 4F. I lost a lot of friends and found that I hated all wars.

I picked berries and fruit on the sides of on and off ramps. There were still Ma and Pop restaurants to find work for food. In those days I didn't know about Catholic Worker houses but in my bag was a copy of Abbie Hoffman's book: Steal this Book. It was some help I carried no guns, knives, drugs, anything that would get me in trouble with the law. You could still drink water from a running creek. I found a few hobo dens not too far off the road, church communities that were nice, and crash pads. People were friendly, honest and somewhat nice even the sea lion on Malibu Beach that kept me for a friend for one night. Now since I'm old I take the bus. If the Green Tortoise was around I might like a ride on it.

But I'm waiting to hear if the Secretary General of the United Nations received my gift from officer at the gate. It was a good short trip. It was wall to wall people with hotel full, the fleet was in and my feet were hurting. After the United Nations it was Ground Zero, I think you need a chair or bed to look up at this tall building. A building taller than the Empire State building, but is also sacred like Wounded Knee to the Sioux in South Dakota. I wonder how sacred the Earth or Mother Earth is to us, are we willing to end our wars?

Both our wars and our environment and who knows what, will put an end to our world.

I hope the Pope does well in his

peace talks in Rome with Israel, Palestine. I also hope Bob Cook, Ed Fallon and others do well on their walk.

On global warming, here are some ideas that might work like carpooling, if you know your neighbor well. Do they work in the area or same job or company or shop at the same store, kids go to the same schools . . . It's going to be a hot summer maybe, fall too why not put something out to catch rain to help water your outdoor and indoor plants. But if a drought happens, think about a greenhouse for your farm or house. The Catholic Worker has some farms. There is one in Ames, Iowa.

Places that have forest fires, instead of building above ground, try a below ground house or a half and half house. It might be cool in summer and warm in winter. I don't know if we are really ok to live in a colony like Logan's Run yet or even in a mall, we got a lot of trash to work on. That's why we are still apart, we got to change.

If our oceans are going to rise we got drought and dried up lakes and ponds. I heard once that Guantanamo has a water system where it gets water from the ocean and changes it to fresh water. If it is true, we can build a lot of them in the United States and anywhere in the world that's facing drought.

What's more important, food or the toxic Keystone pipeline and any other fuel pipeline or life. Simple as that. We need to change from getting to know our neighbors and friends, talking, trusting that we can end wars. Then we can change too and that take time.

When I used to run away and get lonely, I imagined that I had two old spirits to keep me company on my travels. I was a simple person so it was God and the Devil, who right now, I wish they were more than real and came to visit us as their children. To talk in our language and have us understand that it's been a long time since they walked on Earth with mankind. I would like to sit in on that. I know that it sounds strange but I believe that we are all children.

I met my mother's mother at 12 years old who came from outside of London, England. Then I think my mother's brother, that was good. I guess Dad was from some where in upstate New York. His parents were French, his father fought in the first world



Norman holding “Peace” carving he took to NYC to the Secretary General of the United Nations.

war. Then he came home with influenza. I figured that it killed him, the father and his wife, dad being a child was put in an orphanage.

Dad ran away when he was 16, I heard he joined the CCC for awhile before joining the army air force. He was, I heard, a radio operator in a B17 bomber stationed in where he met my mother on a train. Mom's brother fought for the British. Their father fought in the first world war. Now you know why I hate war.

In memory of Howard Crow Eagle's father I met along time ago, who fought on D-day in Normandy. Name Gilbert of South

Dakota a Lakota Sioux of the Rosebud reservation. In memory of James who use to visit the Catholic Worker to eat and other things, who was a Sioux also. In memory of the first native American Indian woman killed in the Iraq war, who was also a mother of two children.

I'm sorry that we have war, through history we seen a lot of war and very little of complete world peace in a long time. My wish is for us to end our wars and make war to deal with our earth now.

I love you mother and see you soon and family.
I thank you for your time,
Norman Searah

Meta Peace Team Visits DMCW

This June, the Des Moines Catholic Worker had the privilege of hosting three trainers from Meta Peace Team (MPT), a non-profit organization based in Michigan that teaches nonviolent intervention and places peace teams in areas of conflict around the world. DMCW community members and friends met for a two-day intensive workshop in which we studied and practiced

principles and methods of active nonviolence. This experience was very enriching for our community and we are extremely grateful to MPT for taking the time to meet with us. We highly recommend MPT training for groups or individuals. Visit MPT at their website, <http://www.metapeaceteam.org/>, for more information.



Meta Peace Team and Des Moines Catholic Workers. Group photo of those attending a two-day nonviolence training at Dingman House. (LtoR) Front Row: Yusif Barakat (MPT), Frank Cordaro, Sheri Wander (MPT), Jessica Reznicek and Patrick Stall. Middle Row: Bryan Morrissey, David Goodner, Julie Brown, Ed Bloomer and Fr. Peter Dougherty (MPT). Back Row: Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs, Tommy Schmitz, Josh Brown, Mike Smith and Norman Searah.

STRATCOM Annual Aug. 6-9 Vigil

WHAT: Annual 3 1/2 day vigil
WHERE: STRATCOM, Offutt AFB
WHEN: Aug 6-9, 2014

SCHEDULE FOR VIGIL:
Wednesday Aug. 6 - Friday Aug. 8, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. vigil at Offutt / STRATCOM, the Kenny Gate.
Saturday Aug 9th - 8 a.m. to 11 a.m. vigil with closing ceremony and prayer (and line crossing if anyone is up to it).

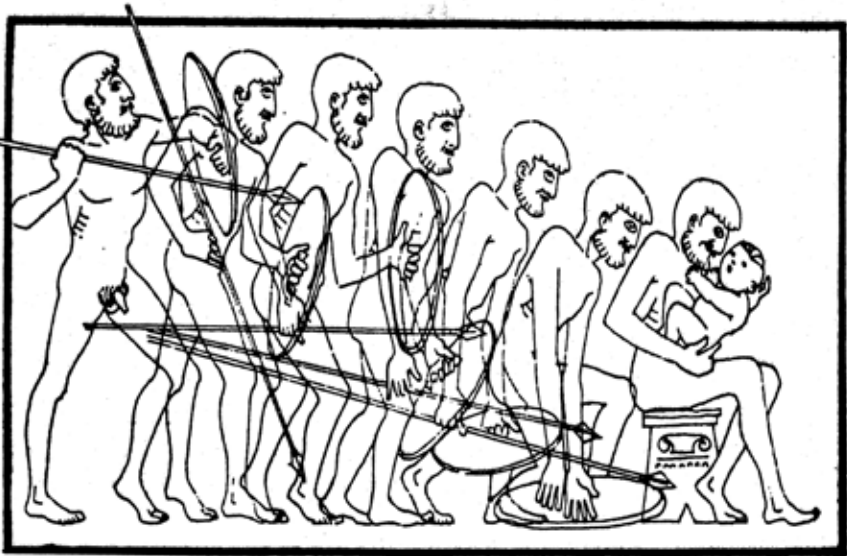
The DM & Omaha CW and Vets for Peace DM chapter invite you to join us for our annual 3 1/2 day Aug 6-9 “shake and bake” vigil at the gates of Offutt Air Force Base, in Bellevue, NE, home of the Strategic Nuclear (STRATCOM) and the US Military Space Commands.

Come stand, pray and do penance with us. Share with us our hope for peace as we commemorate the Anniversary of the USA atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan on Aug 6 and 9, 1945.

Contemplate with us the work and mission Offutt AFB's god-awful Commands, the challenges they pose to all life on our planet and the demonic claim they hold on the soul and spirit of our nation. Hospitality is in the basement of St John's Parish on the campus of Creighton University in Omaha starting Tuesday evening, Aug. 5th. Call and let us know you are coming. Expect floor. If you need a bed, you really need to contact us to insure we find one for you. Evening programs to be announced. Everyone is welcome, especially those in the Omaha area! Come for an hour or for the whole three days.

For more info contact:
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Jerry Ebner Omaha CW
cwomaha@gmail.com
(402) 670-6749





Jean and Bill Basinger, March 2004



Bill Basinger and Pattie McKee in 1986 at the 10th anniversary of the DMCW



Ed Bloomer and Bill Basinger carrying VFP banner in 2005 Palm Sunday Peace March, Des Moines.



Bill and fellow Veteran for Peace at 2005 weekly vigil at US Military Entrance Processing Station in West Des Moines.



Bill and Jean Basinger with Fr. Carl Kabat at Fr. Carl's 50th anniversary of priesthood in St Louis, MO.



Dagmar Hoxsie, Bill and Jean Basinger at Sugar Creek, 2011



Rev. Bob Cook, his son Steven and three granddaughters. (LtoR) Vanessa, Steven, Sienna, Olivia and Bob on front porch of Berrigan House.



Gil Landolt and Al Burney in front of DM Vets for Peace Bishop Dingman Peace Award plaque in Berrigan House.



Frank giving thumbs up with Jeremy Scahill at Bishop Dingman Peace Awards ceremony.



Capital City Pride Parade June 8, 2014 (LtoR) Frank Cordaro, Aaron Jorgensen, Julie Brown, Patrick Stall, Ed Bloomer and Josh Brown (alias Sister Clara, Reverend Mother General of the Missionary Order of Perpetual Indulgence.)



Dingman foundation work being done . . . Finally!!!



Ed Bloomer cleaning Dingman House shower.

Female Catholic Priest Celebrate



Female priest Janice Sevre-Duszynska celebrating Mass at St Francis Catholic Worker House, Columbia, MO. Photo by T.J. Thomson/Cenevox, published in the May 29, 2014 Columbia Missourian.

“Female Catholic priest celebrates Mass at St. Francis Catholic Worker House” read the May 29th headline in the Columbia Missourian and our friends at St Francis CW in Columbia, MO found themselves in deep waters with Mother Church.

We are publishing (with permission) the letter Steve Jacobs of the Columbia, MO Catholic Worker wrote to their supporters about the Mass and an interview Rev. Janice Sevre-Duszynska, the Roman Catholic Woman priest who celebrated the Mass. We wish to remind our readers that the Des Moines Catholic Worker is in support of the ordination of women in the Catholic Church, and have been from the very beginning.

St. Francis Catholic Worker and Women Priests

By Steve Jacobs

I know that many of you in the local Columbia, Missouri Catholic faith community have seen the front page article and photo of the Rev. Janice Sevre-Duszynska in the Columbia Missourian newspaper. She is a Roman Catholic Woman priest and I invited her to show the documentary film, “Pink Smoke Over the Vatican” for our extended faith community and supporters at St. Francis Catholic Worker.

I also invited the media to interview her and attend the movie and mass. KBIA and the Missourian did. The reporters were journalism students. The print reporter called Fr. Saucier at the Newman Center and asked for a comment about a woman saying Mass at the Worker. The reporter also called the diocesan office to get a comment from Bishop Gaydo’s office. Bishop Gaydo’s office requested and were sent a copy of the media release I sent out about the program and Mass. Then a priest from the diocese called me two hours before the event asking if I was the same Steve Jacobs who sent the media release. Then he said they’d been asked for a comment and wanted me to know what the diocese told the news media. The diocese said Janice’s Mass was not a legitimate Mass because the Roman Catholic Church does not have women priests and that Janice Sevre-Duszynska had been excommunicated by the church and so it could

not be legitimate. The Bishop’s office wanted me to know this.

I said, “OK, thanks for telling me.” Hanging up, I thought, “That was a pretty quick response for a religious institution that was several centuries behind the rest of the world in recognizing that the earth orbits the sun and not the other way around.” We hadn’t even had our Mass and the male hierarchy was already telling us that we were out of line.

I did not take an invitation for Rev. Janice to say Mass at the Catholic Worker lightly; especially after the Vatican excommunicated Fr. Roy Bourgeois who is arguably the most famous and best-loved priest in the U.S. and a personal friend of mine. His crime? Participating in the ordination of women priests and challenging the institutional church to explain how they knew that women who claimed to be called to the priesthood were not legitimate. He explained that you can’t say that God can or would not inspire women to participate fully in the church. For speaking prophetic truth to power and refusing to recant his support for women’s ordination he was excommunicated. So, despite a new pope who seems more progressive in many ways, the institutional church has the capacity to be quite vindictive.

Even among Catholic Workers, who tend to be progressive and ecumenical in our practices and beliefs, there are a minority who think women’s ordination is not orthodox and not a necessary issue that needs addressing. Some are more neutral. One of my long time Catholic Worker friends told me he was not excited about the issue. “Of course women should be priests, but since the church is rife with clericalism and corruptions from sex abuse to finances then why would anyone want to expose women priests to those afflictions” was the gist of his witticism.

At our last Catholic Worker meeting I informed by community members that I had invited Rev. Janice to stop over on her way to the Trifecta Resistance actions to protest nukes, Chelsea Manning’s imprisonment and the drone assassination program operated by Whiteman AFB. I invited her to say Mass and since I support women’s ordination, I offered to arrange some media coverage. I acknowledged that we might lose our monthly donations from the three Catholic parishes if

it was publicized. Although the core community supports women’s ordination there was genuine concern that the diocese or the parish priests would stop their monthly donations to St. Francis House which comes to about \$350 a month. We use it to house homeless men and women and to feed and clothe them and some of their health care needs.

As the discussion progressed, ideas of how to protect that funding for the poor while still supporting women’s ordination were discussed. Would the bishop and pastors really be vindictive enough to cut funding for the poor in order to punish those who participated in a Mass led by a woman? Wouldn’t that be an abuse of power?

How about a Mass but no media to record it? But I said that we need to be the change that we desire to see in the world. We didn’t seem to have a full consensus because some Catholic CW’s weren’t ready to deal with potential negative feedback from the clerics many of us are friendly with. If the priests who fell silent and would not defend Fr. Roy Bougeois when he was ordered to recant his beliefs and subsequently excommunicated, then what would they do to our little band of backwater Christian anarchists at the Columbia CW? We agreed to discuss it further. Time ran out and no consensus was reached.

Like many complex issues surrounding intentional communities of earnest idealists, we struggle with what is the right thing to do. We ask ourselves “WWDD?” (What would Dorothy do?) We are, after all, Dorothy Day’s spiritual progeny and we stand upon the shoulders of giants who have pioneered how to navigate our way through sometimes lukewarm support to outright opposition from Church officials.

It was Dorothy Day who sent her followers to picket the Chancery of the Archbishop of New York when he fired all the gravediggers who were demanding a living wage. And it was Dorothy Day who once said, “The Church may be a whore, but she is still our mother.” She also refused to bless Catholic participation in wars of any sort and publicly pronounced her pacifism while American bishops blessed the young Catholics who went off to participate in the butchery of war.

Dorothy never gave up on the institutional church because she knew there was a more

authentic part of the church where the Spirit was free to move and inspire Catholics to do the right thing. Now the bishops want to make her an official saint.

Like the New York CW’s, the Columbia CW has weekly worship and study. We’ve invited both men and women to share their faith traditions and beliefs with us. We’ve had Rabbis, Imams, Buddhists, Hindus, Lutherans, Greek Orthodox priests, Disciples of Christ, Baptists, Presbyterians, African Methodist Episcopal, Evangelicals, Mennonites and Methodists ministers. We’ve shared religious texts, bible study, and sometimes communion.

Many of them have been women, including Tamsen Whistler, who was an ordained Episcopalian priest from Calvary Episcopal Church. She did a Mass at St. Francis House and I have fond memories of her and our beloved former Newman pastor Mike Quinn presiding together at a wedding Mass I attended. If memory serves me right, it was at the Newman Center many years ago.

We also have Masses performed here at St. Francis House by John Prenger, former pastor at Newman Center in Kirksville and a beloved associate at the Newman Center in Columbia. He is a married priest but the Roman church doesn’t recognize married priests unless they are converts from Anglican faith traditions or ancient rites like Chaldean Catholics. Prenger is now a member of the International Communion of the Charismatic Episcopal Church.

Another beloved minister friend of St. Francis CW is Maureen Dickmann from Rock Bridge Christian Church who left the Catholic Church because she was moved by the Spirit to ministry and there was no acceptable option in the Catholic Church. As many of you know, she is openly gay and has been a frequent presider of religious services for us.

We Catholic Workers know that many of our Roman Catholic priests who’ve done Masses here are also gay, yet we do not deign to judge the validity of their priesthood and I find it difficult to understand why male clerics have such a problem suspending judgment on the validity of Catholic women priests. As Pope Francis has pointed out, even atheists are not excluded from salvation if they live moral lives and strive for justice

es Mass at St. Francis CW House

because whatever Spirit that motivates them also motivates Christians to do the same. Do you see a theme developing here?

Since Rev. Janice’s arrival came before we could form a community consensus on how to proceed I want to take full responsibility for whatever actions our local clerics decide to take and would ask them not to deny their charity to the poor at St Francis House because of me.

And to my fellow Catholic Workers, I would ask their forgiveness for proceeding without full communal consensus, and for causing any consternation or anxiety.

The Spirit has gotten me into all sorts of trouble over the years. Often it is a good kind of trouble that eventually brings clarity.

All I know is I cannot in good conscience recant or deny my actions. The central point of this whole thing is that I believe God can and has inspired women to seek ordination. To say that God can’t or won’t is to limit God and borders on blasphemy.

A recent papal public prayer by Francis decried clericalism as “. . . one of the worst evils” that leads to cronyism and careerism among clerics and leads the clergy to believe that they are somehow superior to the rest of church members. On the other hand the institution is maddeningly slow to address its own sexism in denying women an equal partnership.

Put another way, we have a church that never found the courage to excommunicate Adolph Hitler, a baptized Catholic, but did excommunicate Fr. Roy Bourgeois, not because he founded the SOA Watch to defend the church, both clergy & laity and liberation theologies from being slaughtered by right-wing militaries in Latin America that were trained and equipped by the U.S. government, but rather, because he called the institutional church on its sexism.

The documentary film “Pink Smoke over the Vatican” shows evidence that women did function as clergy in the earlier years of the church but were eventually suppressed by male clergy.

In 2002 seven women were ordained on the Danube. The Vatican excommunicated these women. Then, a male bishop in apostolic succession ordained two of these women, Christine Mayr Lumetzberger and Gisela Forster, bishops, and he later ordained Patricia Fresen a bishop. Therefore these women bishops have apostolic succession and have passed on apostolic succession to the Roman Catholic women priests movement.

I believe that the Spirit is moving the church toward reform, and as more and more people leave the church because of the sex abuse scandal and because of clericalism, women are being called to do what they have done throughout the ages, which is to call men on their hypocrisy and to clean up their messes. I don’t envy them this task because men have really messed things up. I believe it is time when the least shall be first and the first shall be made to be last and those who have been relegated to the margins of the church will be brought in to experience the full life of what it means to be a church that is fair and honest.

I also believe that Catholic Workers are in a unique position to promote this new spiritual movement and promote women’s ordination. Because the Catholic Worker has no centralized authority and because we are anarchists as well as Christians, individual CW houses and communities can decide for themselves how they want to live out their beliefs and act out their faith. I urge other Catholic Workers to speak out and be the change we want to see in our church.

Many years ago, Bishop Michael McAuliffe, of Jefferson City, sent officials from his office to survey the opinions of Catholics in his diocese on spiritual issues concerning Catholics. At a Newman Center session they asked some of us what we thought about women’s ordination. A male member of the group said that since all of Jesus’s apostles were men that it seemed unnecessary to him. A woman behind me said, “I realize that is the justification given to deny women ordination; but when I hear people say that only men should be allowed to be priests; it makes me realize that they think it is more important to pee like Jesus, than it is to be like Jesus.”

Interview With Rev. Janice Sevre-Duszynska

Q: When did you first recognize that you had a calling to the priesthood?

A: During my childhood . . . from our faith traditions – lives of the saints, Gospels, Eucharist, the richness of Gregorian Mass and a strong connection to parish life. I felt a deep sense of belonging growing up in an extended Polish-American family filled with ethnic customs, love of music, dance and storytelling, and my mystical Busia (grandmother) with strong ties to her family in Poland. I learned about the vast suffering caused by war from my Busia’s family in Poland and an uncle who lived downstairs with PTSD from the Battle of the Bulge. Each Saturday morning from second to seventh grade I cleaned the priests’ sacristy and sanctuary of our gothic church, SS. Cyril and Methodius, and I wanted to be an altar girl. After Sunday Mass, my Dad would ask me to retell the Gospel and render its meaning. My mother would discuss the homily with me, evaluate it from a woman and mother’s perspective and ask my opinion. I spoke to God as easily as breathing and had a sense of my own value despite the diminished role of women in the world. I was keenly aware of the women in the Gospels who followed Jesus and of women in history who broke through patriarchy.

Q: What’s your response to the Vatican and those who claim that women should not be ordained as priests?

A: Whenever I’d tell my Dad that I would be a priest someday, he would nod and say: “Women have deep compassion and could help heal our wounded world.” I believe my Dad was right. Like Pope Francis who promotes an economy of inclusion, women priests promote a church of inclusion. Like Pope Francis who challenges global economic inequality, women priests challenge the church’s gender inequality. We know that more than two-thirds of the world’s poor and exploited are women and their children – much suffering comes from the chaos of war. We know that global economic equality is related to women’s empowerment and equality in church and society. One of my mentors, Dominican Sister Marge Tuite, said: “Make the connections between sexism and racism, sexism and militarism, sexism and nationalism, sexism and capitalism.” So, there’s a lot riding on the embrace of women priests by the Vatican. What speaks loudly is that we now have 33 million ex-Catholics in the U.S. alone. Meanwhile, the voice of the Spirit in the people of God – the *sensus fidelium* – is welcoming women priests at the grassroots.

Q: You were finally ordained in 2008. How did that come about and who participated? Could you talk about Fr. Roy Bourgeois?

A: After asking my bishop to ordain me during the ordination ceremony of a male candidate on January 17, 1998 at Christ the King Cathedral in Lexington, Kentucky, and after years of witnessing to our 300 U.S. bishops at their bi-annual conferences and leading the Ministry of Irritation for Women’s Ordination Conference, I was ordained a deacon on the boat in the waters near Pittsburgh in 2006, the first U.S. ordination of Roman Catholic women priests and deacons. I completed my preparation and in 2008 I sent out invitations, including to my male priest friends, to attend my ordination as a priest on Aug. 9, 2008 in Lexington at the Unitarian Universalist Church. Roy called and told me he couldn’t sleep when he received it, that his conscience, his soul was stirring. He would be coming to my ordination. I knew full well the consequences and asked: “Roy, I know you know what you’re doing, but do you know what you’re doing?”

He assured me he was aware of possible consequences of his action. Later when we talked, I asked him to celebrate Eucharist with us women at the table, including the woman bishop who would ordain me. I also asked him to

give a homily in support of women priests. His prophetic presence and participation in my ordination and the homily he gave in support of women priests resonated throughout the world.

Q: What do you see in the future for women’s ordination?

A: Our movement for women priests continues to grow and we are attracting younger women. We are now also welcoming men as well. Let me quote theologian Mary Hunt: “It’s not just adding women and stirring.” It’s about a renewed priesthood in a reformed church. It’s a discipleship of equals. For example, everyone is invited to our Eucharist: divorced, remarried, former Catholics, GLBTs, non-Catholics, non-believers. We are not about hierarchy as Jesus was not. The function of our bishops is to ordain other women. We are worker priests. Our liturgies are inclusive, which means we use feminine as well as masculine images of God – who is beyond gender. Everyone consecrates Eucharist with the priest. Everyone gives mutual blessing. We share dialogue homilies.

Prayer for Victims and Perpetrators of Military Drones

by Janice Sevre-Duszynska

As the drones are dropped anew in Pakistan and continue in Yemen, Somalia and Afghanistan let us drop to our knees and pray for the souls of:
Weapons Manufacturers
who profit from killer drones
Government and Military Officials
who command they be sent to terrorize human beings, near and far.

Soldiers, especially young men and women who operate the drones.
and let us pray for:
Children, Women and Men
terrorized by drones hovering over their communities.
Victims of Our Drone Attacks whose bodies we carbonize and/or maim.
Families of Victims whose lives have been shattered forever.

Lastly, let us pray for the Soul of the USA, for the loss of American integrity, here and abroad, and for our own personal integrity, our soul-life as a people of this nation.

Amen.

Q: Can you give us a short history of your nonviolent resistance life? What are some of the areas of resistance work that you have been involved in?

A: I wrote plays and poetry in my 20s and early 30s and worked as a journalist for The Milwaukee Journal, community newspapers and the state government news magazine. My public witness for women priests, gender equality and militarism began in the 1980s. My areas of resistance include war, nuclear power/ nuclear weapons, immigration policies, drones, homophobia, etc.

Q: I understand you have spent some time in Federal prison for your activism. What was that experience like, and was it worth it?

A: It was transformational. I was sent to the Lexington Federal Women’s Work Camp for three months and placed in a very small room with 8-10 other women. It was called the “Bus Stop.” It had one aluminum chair that I used to climb onto a chest of drawers and then pull myself up to the upper bunk bed. I learned that these are for the most part nonviolent abused women. I saw how

the system works: How the rich benefit from incarcerating human beings instead of helping them gain stability within their children and within their communities. I saw waste galore of taxpayers’ hard earned money. I did resistance here by gathering leftover food which would have been thrown away and giving it out in the evening to the women who were grateful for it, my Eucharist sharing.


After six weeks I got to formally work with the women as a teacher. I found them confessing to me. The experience taught me so much. Remember, Jesus was imprisoned for speaking truth. The male priest chaplain who was assigned to the women lacked enthusiasm and did not, in my opinion, empower or liberate their spirits. He did not like me or the SOA Watch movement.

Q: Who have you worked with in the Catholic Worker movement over the years?

A: To name a few . . . Frank Cordaro and Ed Bloomer of Des Moines CW; Kathy Boylan and Art Laflin of the Dorothy Day CW in Washington, D.C.; Liz McAllister, Ardeth Platte, Carol Gilbert, Susan Crane of Jonah House; Anne Montgomery and Bill Bischel; friends at Holy Family CW – Kansas City; friends at St. Francis/St. Joseph CW - Cincinnati; Mark Coleville, Greg Williams – Amistad CW (CT); Carman La Totta, Freida Berrigan, Maryhouse CW (NY); Friends at Su Casa and White Rose CW Communities (Chicago); Jim Haber of Las Vegas CW; Don Timmerman, Roberta Thurstin of The Sparrow Sings – Casa Maria CW (Milwaukee); Carl Kabat and Chrissy of Carl Kabat/Karen CW House – St. Louis, MO; Patrick O’Neill of Fr. Charlie Mulholland CW – Garner, NC; Sr. Megan Rice, Mike Walli, Greg Boertje-Obed; Franciscans Jerry Zawada and Louis Vitale; Jesuit Bill Brennan; Catholic Workers at large Bob Graf, Joe Radoszewski, (Milwaukee); Brian Terrell, Kathy Kelly of Voices for Creative NonViolence and others in resistance groups across the country.

Q: What advice would you give to young activists?

A: Listen to the still small voice within. Trust the prophetic imagination that stirs your soul. Be blessed in serving and building community. What you do is life giving.



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St. Pat's 7 Trial . . . All Found Guilty . . . Five Go to Jail



St. Pat's 7 and legal team: (LtoR) Front Row: Michele Naar-Obed, Ed Bloomer, Julie Brown and Ruth Cole. Back Row: Steve Clemons, Rev. Chet Guinn, Elliott Adams, Glen Downey, and Larry James. Photo by Jim Haber.

The two day trial of the DM St Pat's 7 concluded Tuesday, late afternoon June 24. The seven were arrested in Des Moines for an anti-drone protest at the Air National Guard – soon to be home to a Military Drone Command Center, March 17. All seven were found guilty in less than an hour. Sentencing came right after the finding of guilt. Judge Price gave all seven defendants the option to pay a \$100 fine or 48 hours in jail. Five of the 7 defendants; Julie Brown, Ed Bloomer, Ruth Cole, Michele Naar-Obed and Steve Clemens choose to go to jail. The two other defendants; Reverend Chet Guinn and Elliott Adams chose to accept the \$100 fine plus court costs.

Recaps From the Stand :

“A Human Defense is No Defense In the Face of LAW”

By Julie Brown

On March 17th I along with six other people crossed the line at The Iowa Air National Guard in Des Moines, Iowa asking to speak to the base commander about the new drone command center being built on the property. The seven of us were subsequently arrested and all had trial this week starting on June 23. The Iowa Law states trespass as “entering or remaining in or upon property without justification” after being notified or requested to leave. It was this justification that we spoke to the jury about.

First on the stand was Ruth Cole. She spoke about her background as a teacher and her experience working with small children that had experienced trauma. Ruth talked about the children dying due to American drone strikes as she displayed to the jury a picture she had taped to her body during the demonstration. The photograph showed a young drone victim as he lay dead. You could hear the love and concern for human life pour out of her as she spoke about these children as her reason for crossing the line.

I was next to the stand and also tried to humanize the tragedy of loss of life. I told the jury of how I heard a Yemeni who lost her child say “There is no way to mourn your child when they are in pieces on the ground. How can you hug pieces and say goodbye?” I talked about our flawed drone program as I showed the jury a photograph I had taped on

my body that day of a young Afghani girl laying dead with her head wreathed in flowers.

Rev. Chet Guinn took the stand and elaborated on right and wrong. He talked about Martin Luther King and how he was sure that MLK would have also crossed the line that day. Chet explained how his faith and being involved as a Reverend in the Methodist Church gave him the conviction to speak out even if it meant the possibility of arrest.

Eddie Bloomer told the jury that he was a Catholic Worker and a veteran. Eddie, in a very personal way, told the jury how much he loved his country. He talked about what it meant to be a patriot and because of his love for America, he had to cross the line that day.

Michele Naar-Obed addressed the jury with first-hand experience working with drone victims in Iraq. She recounted an entire family being blown up in a vehicle because they lived in an area near where suspected terrorists were hiding out in the mountains. She explained that seeing this firsthand gave her no option but to use her own voice to speak for the voiceless victims of Iraq and around the globe.

Steve Clemons also used his voice to speak for his friends in the Middle East. He showed the jury a photo of a young man named Abdulhai from Afghanistan who dreamed of peace one day. It was Steve's connection to his friends in Afghanistan that gave him a moral obligation to try to talk to the Iowa Air National Guard about the mass casualties due to drone strikes.

Elliott Adams took the stand and talked about war crimes and international law. He told the jury that he had taken an oath as a soldier to uphold the United States Constitution and that the oath he took had no expiration date. During his closing statement Elliott talked about choices between following “small laws” of states and following “big laws” of humanity. He said that it was his aim to talk to the members at the Iowa Air National Guard because he had personally been deployed on many combat missions and maybe if just ONE more person had talked to him ONE more time he wouldn't have done things that until this day haunt him at night.

In the end, it took all of ten minutes to find all seven of us guilty. We were sentenced to a \$100 fine. Five of us refused to pay the fine and received small jail sentences of 48 hours or less. We were not surprised at the verdict because indeed in a black and white world where we are bound by lines and laws, “a human defense is no defense” at all.

Jail for the First Time

By Ruth Cole

I didn't enter into our trial thinking about going to jail. My optimistic heart had other results in mind for how our days in court would conclude. When charged with a \$100 fine and asked if I would pay it, I timidly told the Judge that I could not.

I am finding, even today, there is always more I could have said in those days in court. I wanted to tell Judge Price I could not pay for a system that continues to do injustice. That contrary to his jury instructions, his courtroom is also mine, and it is a place for my voice to be heard too, for my appeal to the government to stand, and for justice to be determined. While I acknowledge and respect our judge and the job he has to do, I also cannot excuse him or anyone else for the responsibility we all carry when our brothers and sisters are hurting and when our country is imposing that harm. Because I knew neither my heart nor my head could agree to pay the fee, I was sentenced along with four others to 48 hours in jail. I was scared. I would continue to dip in and out of the darkness of my fear several times within the next 48 hours to come.

I have many thoughts and reflections from this experience in jail. Many of them are still taking shape in my head. Mostly I am deeply and painfully sad. I am sad to know how we treat each other and how hopelessly far a world of justice and kinship feel.

Here are a few words I wrote while in Polk County Jail:

“Jail is so incredible. It is scary. It is flooded with injustice. It is insanity, and it is humanity at our finest and worst. I am glad I did it. But the first ten hours I wasn't so sure. The holding cell, the intoxicated cell mate, the cold, metal, stall-less toilet, the cold concrete. The fact that I was only a fifth of the way done. Oh and the florescent lights, the endless fluorescent lights. These women are resilient.

Privilege has never felt so clear and so infuriatingly complex. I choose to be here, to dip my toes into this, just long enough to know how the water feels. And I am amongst women who have been swept away by these mighty systematic waves. They are minute by minute treading a sea of injustice.

I am humbled and deeply grate-

ful for those who shared their stories with me. For those who have supported me and my choices.

And I pray that I may honor all that has been offered to me by continuing to find avenues to raise a voice, for the waves to settle and for all of us to weather this storm.”

Folks have asked me how jail was. They have said, “48 hours, that isn't bad.” Jail is not good, in my experience, it never is. My 48 hours were very difficult and at the same time, the difference between 48 hours and returning to a community of support and stability is vastly different than 160 days and having lost all sense of stability to return to. I only gained perspective, knowledge, friends, and a greater sense of connectivity. I lost nothing. Jail is not a place I wish to return. Yet I cannot foresee how I could resist solidarity with intelligent, kind, and beautiful mothers and grandmothers who were my community for 48 short hours.



Ruth Cole Polk County Mugshot

Transformation Now Plowshares...Our Midwest CW Connection

Greg Boertje-Obed and Michele Naar-Obed are not new to the Plowshares scene. They met and married while living at Jonah House and being a part of the Good News Plowshares. Their child Rachel was born at Jonah House. Greg has done a total of five Plowshares and Michele has done two. Michele has spent close to three years working with Christian Peace Maker Teams in Iraq. For the past 11 years they have been members of the Duluth Catholic Worker community. Greg is currently serving a five-year sentence at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary for his participation in the Transformation Now Plowshares. Michele is part of the new Hildegard Catholic Worker House in Duluth. She was one of the DM St Pat's 7 and served 48 hours in our Polk County Jail. We asked them both to write for this issue of v.p. in hopes to highlight their faithful lives and need of support.

Greg:

USP Leavenworth is a difficult and challenging place to live. It's the biggest (about 1600 inmates), most violent, and most segregated prison I've been in. Since being here a few months, I've heard of a death of a prisoner by beating, a stabbing, and an attack with a lock on a sleeping inmate, all inmate violence on inmates. I'm told violence may happen nearly daily, but guards are not always aware of it.

However, the Biblical story and lessons of the three youths in a fiery furnace come to mind. I have had the good fortune of being assigned to live in one of the cell blocks with many older men where it is usually quieter and calmer than the bigger cell blocks. One person estimates there are at least eleven men serving life sentences in this unit. There are about 100 inmates here in mostly 2-men cells. The biggest cell block is said to house about 400 men and is known for being the wildest here and the biggest in the Bureau of Prisons.

If one understands an angel to be a helpful stranger, it would be accurate to say that a host of angels have been active here. When I initially arrived, many inmates came forward, offering needed items such as shower shoes, toothpaste, toothbrush, soap, soap dish, shampoo, etc. It was the most generous welcoming I have ever had in a jail or prison. Many of the givers were from Minnesota or were Christians. No one asked me what placed me here. They were just welcoming me as a newcomer and someone who was in need.

As time went on, guys have been teaching me about the problems here. Initially, men from Minnesota explained that the dining hall tables were assigned by inmates to different states or regions. I was led to sit at the 3 tables with four seats each allotted for guys from Minnesota, North Dakota, and Wisconsin. A short time later, some of the Christians in my unit urged me to sit at the four tables set aside for Christians or anyone who is rejected from their state tables. The outcasts are said to be suspected informers or people with particularly bad crimes.

After a while, I realized that the Minnesota tables where I sat were restricted to white Northlanders. A Christian in my unit repeatedly encouraged me to leave the white Northland section and sit at the Christian section which is the only integrated area. The dining hall is huge, with more than 125 tables. Some inmates comment that this segregation is like a throwback to the 1940's and 50's.

I switched from the Northland section to the integrated section and had no problems for a month. However, twice in that time all the 16 seats were filled when I received my food. Then I learned that guards will sometimes tell inmates waiting for a seat that we cannot stand by the tables. We must take a seat elsewhere or throw our food away and leave. When this happened to me, twice I went to sit at the white Northland tables. It wasn't a problem the first time. But the second time I was asked where I was from and how long I had been here. When I explained and then told how the Christian tables were currently filled, I was told that I could no longer sit at the Northland section that I was clogging up their tables. Later I consulted with others and learned that is how the system works here. "It is what it is," is sometimes heard as a comment on life here.

Besides the dining hall, segrega-



Greg Boertje-Obed and Michele Naar-Obed

tion by inmates is also said to apply to seats in the recreation yard and in the auditorium for movies. In some of the other cell blocks, it is said that the use of an iron to press clothes is divided by race. There is a "black iron," a "white iron," a "Native American iron," a "Hispanic iron" . . .

Twice I've heard the two chaplains speak during sermons about the problem of segregation here. But since the system has been ingrained for so long, I haven't met any inmate who thinks it might change.

Twice I've heard an account of how inmates in a special cell block for the "Life Connections Program" were willing to let a white and a black inmate share a cell. However, when the two were assigned to a cell, they received death threats and one was said to have been beaten up within 24 hours.

Despite all the problems, the thought comes to me of what Dan Berrigan said at a scripture class in New Orleans. He said in many ways our lives inside prison are similar to our lives outside prison. We try to study the Bible and pray with others, develop community or fellowship, promote nonviolence, and be of service to others. In my cell block, a group of about 7 to 10 Christians usually meets nightly for Bible readings and prayer. This is often where I learn about specific sufferings in the prison.

Recently I've started playing Scrabble again as a way to meet others and develop community. It gives a more lighthearted atmosphere if competition does not become extreme. There is quite a bit of interest in our unit with some very good players and many people stopping to watch and share comments.

One way I've tried to be of service to others is by responding to requests to help edit others' legal motions of appeal and to write letters. My cellmate, Mr. Lam is a good example of how the justice system doesn't work. Mr. Lam is from Vietnam and initially pled not guilty to arson which resulted in a death. The jury deliberated 6 days, and the judge then declared a mistrial. His public defender repeatedly delayed and seemed to be working for the government. Mr. Lam repeatedly asked for substitute counsel and was denied, until he threatened suicide. A new lawyer advised a conditional guilty plea which meant that an appeal could be filed on certain criteria. He ended up receiving a life sentence. Its been a legal nightmare every step of the way. Mr. Lam has been appealing for 17 years and is now representing himself. But he is still hopeful and is looking for a good pro bono lawyer. A new magistrate who reviewed his latest motion recused herself from his case.

When listening to my cellmate and others appealing their sentences, a quote comes to mind which was in a recent Oak Ridge Environmental Peace Alliance booklet. It said, "One does not become compassionate without suffering." Although I don't feel that I am suffering inordinately, the thought comes that compassion may increase with contact with suffering people.

Another impression of the prison is that many of the guards are unhappy with their work. People say that guards recently protested working conditions by picketing out front. Some men say they saw news reports on television. One person said the protests concerned three issues: the ratio of staff to

prisoners, health, and safety. Reportedly, at times there is only one staff person for over 200 inmates. Within a few days of these protests, a newly arrived inmate was beaten terribly by inmates and died after being taken off life support. It is said that he was mistakenly suspected of being an informant.

Other factors contribute to the impression that the Bureau of Prisons is limited in the funding USP Leavenworth is receiving. The Prison Industries factory building is largely vacant. The furniture making and textile making sections are now closed. It is said that furniture for the White House used to be made here. Only a printing shop is now in operation. When I attended orientation, an inmate asked if the unused areas of the factory building could be converted to use for vocational training. The reply was that it would be too expensive and funds are not available.

On the upside, when I arrived, the prison library had very few books on peacemakers or peacemaking. I found one book for junior readers about Martin Luther King Jr. Many people have been sending me excellent books on peacemaking, which I am passing on to the library.

Also on the positive side, I continue to meet many people interested in studying the Bible and changing their lives. A small group meets weekly to watch and discuss a made-for-television series called, "Joan of Arcadia." A teenage daughter, Joan, has encounters with different people who are representing God and who give her guidance. It reminds me of one of Carl Kabat's sayings "God is in each of us." I also have had the good fortune to have met a younger man (48 yrs), Oscar Lee, who speaks with the energy, directness, and speech patterns of Carl Kabat. He asks to study the Bible and has asked if I would help to write a book about his life.

Supporters on the outside have been much appreciated for their prayers, letters, and offers to send funds or books. Many people wrote saying, "God is always with you," which has been encouraging. Stamps or other items cannot be received in the mail. The funds sent have been helpful for buying stamps, making phone calls, sending and reading emails, and buying hygiene items.

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Information about mailing restrictions: In general, all mail must include a full, handwritten return address. Avoid labels; no paperclips or staples. All mail is subject to inspection. Books (hard or soft cover) and magazines must be sent directly

from a publisher or bookstore. Any other packages must be pre-approved by the prison or they will be returned.

Michele:

It was a rough start for our family. When Greg did this plowshare action, we were living in one of the Catholic Worker houses in Duluth and that community did not support Greg's witness. Shortly before Greg went to trial and while he was in Tennessee preparing for trial, the community asked me to pack up our family's belongings and leave. It felt like my sense of stability and safety was pulled out from under me and my family. The thought that a community we spent so many years with was taking a different direction and that we no longer fit, hurt tremendously. This difference of direction was a year in the making and probably was going to happen anyway, however, the timing couldn't have been worse. The energy that I needed to support the action was drastically diminished.

Then God's providence came through and the wider Catholic Worker movement both nationally and internationally stepped forward to embrace the Transformation Now Plowshares and offered support for Greg and us. The Vets for Peace stepped forward and embraced us as did the Benedictine Sisters of St. Scholastica here in Duluth. The Sisters told us that this action is valued, it is needed, it is Spirit led and it is, in fact, pleasing in God's eye. When my Christian Peace Team in Iraqi Kurdistan found out about the witness, they embraced us and many of my Kurdish friends wrote letters of support during and after the trial. All of this validation helped me pour my life's energy back into the support of the action and back into following our vocation as individual and family.

Then God's providence came through again. I am part of the Hildegard Catholic Worker House, a new Catholic Worker community focusing on providing hospitality for women caught up in sex trafficking and need a welcoming, loving and healing environment to heal.

I am grateful for the outpouring of emotional and spiritual support Rachel and I receive from so many people. I am grateful when reminded that our lives as individuals and as family are valued and that we are part of something bigger than just ourselves and our nuclear family. I am amazed at the many ways in which the web of human lives come together to help us walk through these difficult times together as individuals, as family, and as part of a bigger circle of humanity.

I also know that we are being looked after by the Cloud of Witnesses, who have gone before us, by the communion of saints. I have had vivid dreams of Sr. Anne Montgomery, Elmer Maas and Phil Berrigan. All of them have let me know that they are with us on this journey.

I am reminded that when I was sentenced to 18 months for my last Plowshares action, I was sent to Tallahassee, FL to serve my time. It was a blow to be sent so far from home. We were living at Jonah House in Baltimore, MD. Rachel was just two. People from the support community came together and paid for Greg and Rachel's airfare so they could visit every three months. Pax Christi members in Tallahassee made their homes available for hospitality. We could not have done that time without that kind of support.

Now Greg is locked up in Leavenworth Federal Prison for five years, a nine-hour drive from Duluth. And our support community has made it clear that they will pay for a rental car and gas to visit every three months. Holy Family Catholic Worker and Cherith Brook House in Kansas City, MO have opened their doors to us as have individuals in the Kansas City area. I have been invited to stop over at the Des Moines, IA Catholic Worker and at Strangers and Guests Catholic Worker in Malloy, IA anytime I go to visit Greg. Both houses are midway points between Duluth and Kansas City and both are welcoming places in which to stay, filled with spiritual and emotional nourishment.

So to each of you who have sent an encouraging word or prayer to us or have reached out a hand to us, we say thank you. Not just for what it has meant to us, but for what it has meant for the integrity of the action. Michele Naar-Obed <obedsinduluth@yahoo.com> Hildegard CW House 617 N 8th Ave E, Duluth MN 55805 phone: 218 727-4051

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HOW YOU CAN HELP

Prayers . . . without them, nothing happens.

VOLUNTEERS:

Individuals and work crews
for hospitality (serving
food, cleanup), cleaning and
general inside and outside
maintenance . . . without
them, we burn out.

FOOD:

Fruit, Vegetables, Meat and
Fish, Milk, Cheese, Salted
Butter, Olive Oil, Sugar, Cof-
fee, Creamer, Juice (sugar
free), Salt, Black Pepper,
Fresh Garlic, Salad dress-
ing, Soups and Stews (both
canned and fresh). Leftovers
from weddings, funerals and
other social gatherings . . .

HEALTH AND HYGIENE:

Feminine Hygiene Items,
Diapers, Baby Formula, Ty-
lenol, Ibuprofen, Multivita-

mins, Antibiotic Ointment,
Band-Aids, Lip balm

TOILETRIES:

Disposable Razors, Shaving
Cream, Shampoo, Condi-
tioner, Lotion, Deodorant,
Soap, Toothpaste. (Small
sizes preferred for handout .
. .) Toothbrushes and Toilet
Paper.

NEEDED CLOTHING:

Underwear, Socks, T-shirts,
Sweatshirts, Hoodies, Coats,
Work Pants. (All Sizes—es-
pecially big . . .) Sleeping
Bags, Blankets

HOUSEHOLD

SUPPLIES:

Bleach, Laundry Detergent,
Environmentally-Friendly
Dish Soap, Murphy's Oil

Soap, Pinesol, Trash Bags,

Brooms, Rugs, Candles,
Energy-Efficient Light Bulbs,
Aluminum Foil, Plastic Wrap,
Sandwich and Freezer Bags,
Bath Towels, Playing Cards,
Candles

HOUSE REPAIRS:

With four old houses, there
are plenty of projects large
and small. We invite do-it-
yourselves—individuals or
groups—with skills in car-
pentry, plumbing, painting,
electrical, etc. to come in, look
over our housing needs, and
choose a project. Bring your
own tools if possible.

LIBRARY:

Peace and Justice books for
the Berrigan House Library

\$CASH MONEY\$:

Cash donations are es-
sential to pay our property
taxes, utilities, repair and
maintenance of property,
upkeep and gas for two vans,
purchase of needed supplies,
our community gardening
and for the continued pub-
lication and mailing of the
via pacis, a good 20% of our
annual expenses.

DMCW WEBSITE

For up to date news & info on
the community, the Rachel
Corrie Project, Berrigan House
and Occupy the World Food
Prize visit the DMCW web
page: www.dmcatholicworker.org/.

“I want YOU for PEACE!”